Dut Good faith, good faith: the ſaying did not hold,
*I*n him that did obiect the ſame to thee:
He was the wretchedſt thing when he was yong,
So long a growing and ſo leiſurely,
*T*hat if this were a rule, he ſhould be gracious.
Car. Why Madame, ſo no doubt he is.
Dut. *I* hope ſo too, but yet let mothers doubt.
Yor. Now by my troth if *I* had beene remembred,
I could haue giuen my Vncles Grace a flout, (mine,
*T*hat ſhould haue neerer toucht his growth then he did
Dut. How my prettie Yorke? I pray thee let mee heare it.
Yor. *M*arry thy ſay, that my Vncle grew ſo faſt,
*T*hat he could gnaw a cruſt at two houres old:
T'was ful two yeeres ere *I* could get a tooth.
Granam this would haue beene a prettie ieſt.
Dut. I pray thee prettie Yorke, who told thee ſo?
Yor. Granam, his Nurſe.
Dut. Why ſhe was dead ere thou wert borne.
Yor. *I*f twere not ſhe, *I* cannot tell who told me.
Qu. A perilous boy: go too: you are too ſhrewd.
Car. *G*ood Madame be not angry with the child.
Qu. Pitchers haue eares, *Enter Dorſet.*
Car. Here comes your ſonne, Lord Marques Dorſet,
What newes Lord Marques?
Dor. Such newes my Lord, as grieues me to vnfold.
Qu. How fares the Prince?
Dor. Well, Madame, and in health.
Dut. What is the newes then?
Dor. Lord Riuers, and Lord Gray, are ſent to Pomfret,
With them, Sir *T*homas Vaughan, priſoners.
Dut. Who hath committed them?
Dor. *T*he mightie Dukes, Glocester and Buckingham.
Car. *F*or what offence?
Dor. *T*he ſumme of all I can, *I* haue diſcloſed:
V Vhy, or for what theſe Nobles were committed,
*I*s all vnknowne to me, my gracious Lady.
Qu. Ay me, I ſee the downefall of our houſe,
*T*he *T*yger now hath ceazd the gentle Hinde:
Inſulting tyrannie begins to iet,

Vpon

Vpon the innocent and lawleſſe Throane:
*W*elcome deſtruction, death and maſſacre.
I ſee as in a Mappe the end of all.
Dut. Accurſed and vnquiet wrangling daies,
How many of you haue mine eyes beheld?
My husband loſt his life to get the crowne,
And often vp and downe my ſonnes were toſt,
For me to ioy and weepe their gaine and loſſe,
And being ſeated, and domeſticke broyles
Cleane ouerblown, themſelues the conquerours,
*M*ake war vpõ themſelues, blood againſt blood,
Selfe againſt ſelfe, O prepoſterous
And franticke outrage, end thy damned ſpleene,
Or let me die to looke on death no more.
Q. Come, come, my boy, we wil to *S*anctuary.
Dut. Ile goe along with you.
Qu You haue no cauſe.
Car. *M*y gracious Ladie, go,
And thither beare your treaſure and your goods.
For my part, Ile reſigne vnto your Grace,
The Seale I keepe, and ſo betide to me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours:
Come, *I*le conduct you to the ſanctuarie. *Exe*
The Trumpets ſound. Enter young Prince, the Dukes o
Gloceſter, and Buckingham, Cardinall, &c.
Buc. Welcome ſweete Prince to London to your c
Glo. Welcome deare cozen my thoughts ſoueraig
*T*he wearie way hath made you melancholy.
Prin. No Vncle, but our croſſes on the way,
Haue made it tedious, wariſome, and heauie:
I want more Vncles here to welcome me.
Glo. S weet Prince, the vntainted vertue of your y
Hath not yet diued into the worlds deceit:
Nor more can you diſtinguiſh of a man,
Then of his outward ſhew, which God he knowes,
Seldome or neuer iumpeth with the heart,
Thoſe Vncles which you want, were dangerous,
Your Grace attended to their ſugred words,
But lookt not on the poyſon of their hearts: